

Brockville, 25; Campbellford, 300; Cobourg, 30; Cornwall, 200; Gananoque, 100; Picton, 100; Tweed, 30; Hamilton (Bermuda), 50; Somerset (Ber.), 100; St. George's (Ber.), 50; Amherst, 75; Campbellton, 100; Digby, 10; Frederton, 100; Newcomb, 25; Miramichi, 30; St. John, 3, 150; St. John 4, 200; Woodstock (N.B.), 50; Yarmouth, 50; Dartmouth, 250; Glace Bay, 100; Halifax 2, 3,000; Inverness, 125; New Almonville, New Glasgow, 600; New Waterford, 100; Sydney (N.B.), 50; Shelburne, 50; Sydney, 100; Truro, 10; Westville, 200; Whiting Pier, 200; Windsor (N.B.), 50; Newfoundland, 439.

Canada West: Dauphin, 250; Kenora, 30; Fort William, 300; Keweenaw, 50; Sudbury, 300; Toronto, 1, 100; Lethbridge, 50; Red Deer, 175; Wetaskiwin, 250; Cranbrook, 50; Nanaimo, 50; Medicine Hat, 300.

ARMY SONGS

COME, COMRADES DEAR!
Tunes—Come, comrades dear, 136;
Praise, 139; He loves, 130; S.B. 239.

Come, comrades dear, who love the Lord.

Who taste the sweets of Jesus' word,
In Jesus' ways go on;
Our troubles and our trials here
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

And when we come to dwell above,
All and surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply;
We'll raise our voices, His soldiers forth,
To living streams of happiness world.
That never will dry.

HEAR MY CRY!

Tune—Nearer, my God, to Thee.
Oh, hear my earnest cry,
Lord, lead me on!
Come near and sanctify,
Lord, lead me on!

Purge me from every stain,
Revive my soul again,
Revive my soul again,
Lord, lead me on!

Thy service is so sweet,
Lord, lead me on!
It makes my joy complete,
Lord, lead me on!

Give me more fighting power,
For God and souls each hour,
For God and souls each hour,
Lord, lead me on!

OH, WONDERFUL LOVE!

Tunes—Oh, how he loves, 129;
Song Book, 82.

Have you seen the Crucified?
Oh, wondrous love!

Do you know for He died?

Oh, wondrous love!

Have you seen His thorn-crowned brow?

Have you felt the crimson flow?

Do you His Salvation know?

Oh, wondrous love!

Do you know your sins forgiven?
Have you had a taste of Heaven?
Has His love cast out your fears?
Has He wiped away your tears?
At His word hell disappears.

Is your heart now full of joy?
Have you peace enough to destroy?
Is not this Salvation grand?
May it spread through every land—
Lend the poor a helping hand.

GLORY TO THE LAMB!

Tunes—Glory, Jesus saves me, 143;
Always cheerful, 140.

Precious Saviour, Thou dost save me;

Thine, and only Thine, I am;

Oh, the cleansing Blood has reached me;
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

Chorus
Glory, glory, Jesus saves me!

Long my yearning heart was striv-
ing,
To gain this precious rest;
But, when all my struggles ended,
Simply trusting, I was blest.

WITH THE WOUNDED IN THE LAND OF OLD NILE

(Continued from Page 12)

there is not one plan to choose be-
tween them; whether they hail from
the United Kingdom or speak with
the accent which is the only one to
associate with the Antipodes.

A Retrospect

The following paragraphs will give
our readers some idea of
the nursing work which is going on
in Egypt at the present time. It is
being extended and organized as
necessity requires, and things are
now very different from those early
days when, before the development
of the Dardanelles operation, the
chief military hospitals of Cairo
(stationed at the Citadel and Abia-
sheh Barracks), combined with that
at Al Abisheh and those at
the various camps, proved all
sufficient for the needs of the
infantry garrison and the British, Col-
onial, and Indian troops stationed
throughout the country. Red Cross
and voluntary efforts were, how-
ever, making such progress long before
the Canal operations began, that the
Egypt might expect in times of war,
till the Dardanelles operations
loomed above the horizon
there was little realization of the full
importance of the situation.

Once it was felt that the chief cause
for complaint in Cairo was the in-
sufficient food upon troops who were
wild to go to business, and when
the arrival of the first hospital ship
from Australia in the middle of Jan-
uary, 1915, was reported, the
officers, hundreds of training corps
and its elaborate equipment of hos-
pital stores, etc., was linked with a
feeling almost akin to derision.
Many a day since have blessings
been showered on the Comman-
wealth for its magnificent fore-
thought.

As before remarked, the Canal
operations gave a foretaste of what
was to follow, and the first of the
troops to be brought to the sick
and wounded to Cairo got very unsat-
isfactory proof of the cannibal ar-
rangements made by the Egyptian
State Railway in its equipment and
design, while the V.A.D. was able to
test its capacities in tending the
wounded travelling en route.

In the beginning of August that
followed it was impossible to find
any system as to the placing of the
wounded, and for several weeks British
and Colonial, Egyptian Govern-
ment and private medical men,
trained military nurses and orderlies
with many Egyptian and native
hospital orderlies and attendants, Red
Cross helpers, worked shoulder to
shoulder to stay the sufferings of the
wounded hundreds who passed
through their hands.

As has been seen above, all that has
been altered and now have an orga-
nized series of hospitals linked with
convalescent homes, and hospital
camps such as those established in
the hotels of Al Hayat and the
Grand Palace, also at Helwan, which
to the Red Cross and others in
close connection with the various
bars, not to mention the private
homes of the residents which have
been placed at the disposal of the
military authorities.—The Sphere.

COMING EVENTS

COMMR. RICHARDS

Toronto (Isle Theatre, Danforth
and Gould), Dec. 19; 11 a.m.,
3 and 7 p.m.
Chester, Dec. 19.

Temple—Christmas Morning.
Temple—Watchnight Service.

Toronto—Jan. 9. (Young People's
Day).

Hamilton—Jan. 16. (Young People's
Day).

Peterboro—January 23. (Young
People's Day).

Toronto—Jan. 30. (Bandsmen's
Sunday).

Bermuda—Feb. 6-13.

COLONEL GASKIN

Toronto—Christians Morning.
Temple—Watch-night Service.

Toronto—Jan. 9. (Young People's
Day).

Hamilton—Jan. 16. (Young People's
Day).

Peterboro—January 23. (Young
People's Day).

Ottawa L—Feb. 13.

COLONEL AND MRS. JACOBS

Mimico, Christmas Morning; In-
dustrial Corps, Christmas After-
noon; Thornhill, New Year's Day.

LT-COL. HARGRAVE—Chester, Dec. 19.

LIEUT-COL. AND MRS. CHAN-
FER—Hamilton 1, Dec. 25.

Hamilton 3, Jan. 3-4; 2-4; Hamilton
1, Jan. 7, 14, 16 (Young People's
Day); Bracebridge, Jan. 19;

Hammond, Jan. 20; Norval Bay, Jan.
21; Haliburton, Jan. 22-23; Colgate, Jan. 24; New Liskeard, Jan.
25; Sturgeon Falls, Jan. 27.

LIEUT-COL. AND MRS. OTWAY
CHAMFER—Hamilton 1, Dec. 25.

Hamilton 3, Jan. 3-4; 2-4; Hamilton
1, Jan. 7, 14, 16 (Young People's
Day); Bracebridge, Jan. 19;

Hammond, Jan. 20; Norval Bay, Jan.
21; Haliburton, Jan. 22-23; Colgate, Jan. 24; New Liskeard, Jan.
25; Sturgeon Falls, Jan. 27.

LIEUT-COL. AND MRS. OTWAY
CHAMFER—Chester, Dec. 19.

BRIG. MORRIS—Chester, Dec. 19.

OTTAWA 1, Jan. 23.

BRIG. MILLER—West, Toronto, Dec. 19.

BRIG. ADBY—Orangeville, Dec.
10-19; Lorne, Dec. 22; Peter-
borough, Dec. 23; Doncaster, Dec.
24; Temple, Dec. 25; Doncaster,
Dec. 26; Temple, Dec. 31; West
Toronto, Jan. 2; Toronto Young
People's Day, Jan. 9.

BRIG. BETTRIDGE—Chester, Dec.
19; Temple (Toronto), Jan. 1.

Xmas Morning; Ligar St., Jan. 1-2;
Earlscourt, Jan. 3; Wyndham,
Jan. 4; Toronto, Young People's
Day, Jan. 9; Lippincott St., Jan.
10; Toronto, Dec. 22; Doncaster, Dec.
23; Temple, Dec. 24; Peter-
borough, Dec. 25; Guelph, Dec. 26.

BRIG. AND MRS. BELL—Chester,
Dec. 19.

BRIG. RAWLING (accompanied
by Sir C. C. White—Wood-
stock, Dec. 18-19; Lorne, Dec. 22;

Dresden, Dec. 22; Chel-
tenham, Dec. 23; Tilsonburg, Dec.
29; London 1, Dec. 31; Windsor,
Jan. 1-2.

MAJOR AND MRS. MOREHEN—
Montreal 6, Dec. 12.

MAJOR MCGILLIVRAY—Mon-
treal 1, Dec. 19.

MAJOR AND MRS. McAMMOND—
Bowmanville, Dec. 18-19.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Chard—
Temple (Toronto), Dec. 26.

Staff-Capt. Burrows—Guelph, Dec.
18-19; Hamilton 1, Dec. 25; Ham-
ilton 2, Jan. 1.

THE STAFF SONG—Lieut-Colonel Soper, Major
Arnold, Captain Chester, Dec. 19; Temple, Chard

Jan. 9. (Young People's Day).

WE ARE
Looking for You

It's a wild search for missing persons
of all kinds, and it is a great service
to the public to help in this work.

1415 Bloor Street, Richmond Hill, Ont.

One dollar should be sent with every
description of the person lost.

Officers, Soldiers, and Friends are
asked to help in this work.

Citizen, and to notify us of any
information you may have.

Address: 1415 Bloor Street, Richmond
Hill, Ont.

EDWARDS, FRANK, 10774, 47 years
old, from ... fair hair, blue eyes.

Hamilton—Jan. 9. (Young People's
Day).

FRANCIS, EDWARD, 10781, 25 years
old, married, from ... fair hair, blue eyes.

Peterboro—Dec. 21; ... John ...

Arrived in this country in May, 1914.

Canes over on the London and
Hamilton roads, and a light complexion.

SAJO, YIRU, 10756, Fair, medium
height, black hair, blue eyes.

Holbrook—Dec. 21; John ...

Has been in this country since
October, 1914. Does not speak
English. Address: 1415 Bloor Street, Richmond
Hill, Ont.

EDWARD, FRANK, 10717, Left eye
black, 27, height 5 ft. 8 in., weight 160
lbs., fair hair, blue eyes.

Arrived in this country in 1914.

Works at farm of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Scott.

Is sold to Mr. and Mrs. Joe Scott.

Wife is English.

JOHNSON, BERN, 10712, Chestnut
hair, 27, height 5 ft. 8 in., weight 160
lbs., fair hair, blue eyes.

Arrived in this country in 1914.

Works at farm of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Scott.

Wife is English.

JOHNSTON, BERN, 10712, Chestnut
hair, 27, height 5 ft. 8 in., weight 160
lbs., fair hair, blue eyes.

Arrived in this country in 1914.

Works at farm of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Scott.

Wife is English.

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BETHLEHEM'S STAR STILL SHINES

By MRS. GENERAL BOOTH

THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL OF JOY must this year for all but some of the little children be shadowed with sorrow. For those too young to understand and realize the anguish and sorrow of this terrible war, their parents and friends will, I hope, arrange some happy hours. Christmas is usually a bright star in the outlook of the young, and the opportunities of enjoying the celebration as a child are none too many. From my heart I would say therefore to the little ones, 'A Merry Christmas, my darlings! I hope that you may be happy, and happier still because you have stretched out even your tiny hands to help some of those who are in darkness and sorrow at this time.'

For, alas! how large a part of the earth is clouded with sorrow. And yet, even so far as this happy festival is concerned, this is nothing new. Has not sorrow been associated with Christmas since the day when those bitter tears were drawn from the eyes of the mothers in Palestine? 'In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted because they are not.'

What a countless number of Rachels weeping for their lost ones are to be found in our midst at this time—throughout Great Britain and her colonies, in Belgium, France, Germany, Austria, Serbia, Turkey, Russia, and Japan! Yet in spite of the raging conflict, and in the midst of the bitter sorrow, the Star of Bethlehem does still shine for all! We cannot be reminded of the return of the Christmas Festival—of that greatest of all mysteries—that most wonderful of all miracles—that most far-reaching of all facts—when 'the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us'—when God came down to earth in the form of a tender babe on its mother's breast—without rejoicing in that manifestation which made it possible for us to know that God is Love. Even in the dark winter of 1915 we may join with the multitudes of the Heavenly Host in praising God for His great Gift, and pray while we praise.

The shade of sorrow resting upon so many peoples just now may by God's blessing serve to make more brilliant the brightness of the Star of Bethlehem. The messengers, that over land and sea have been speeding

(Concluded on Page 6)



THE WAR CRY EDITORIAL COMMENT

A GLIMPSE OF DAWN

Watchman, what of the night?"
"The night is far spent and the day is at hand."

WE BELIEVE THIS TO BE TRUE of the long, bloody night of war. Yet at no time during the year that has passed has the gloom been more dense or widespread than now. Since we wrote of the war in our last Christmas Number the world has seen such deeds of violence and bloodshed as were never reached on this old round earth before. The terror that lay by night and the pestilence that wastred at noon day were never so fearsome in form and destructive in power as is this twentieth century. The horrors of the blood-lusting Trojans' warriors were mild compared to terrors of poison gas, aerial bombs, bursting torpedoes, and the deeds done in accordance with a policy of frightfulness. Again, never at any period of the war has there been so many belligerent countries as now. Truly, it is a time of Egyptian darkness! But, hearken! It is the darkness that cometh before the dawn—the night is far spent and the day is at hand. And surely the world is longing for the daybreak. The day-spring from on high has visited us, and if man has not been so blinded by this world, long ere this the spear would have been beaten into the ploughshare, and cannon would only be places in which birds would build their nests. However, up to the present, pride has ruled men's hearts; selfish ambitions have swayed their souls; they have neglected God, and, in consequence, the world, at the time of writing, is steeped in woe. But saith the Almighty, "Vengeance is mine: I will repay!" So sovereigns and people who will this cataclysm of woe will have to drink the bitter cup of abasement to the dregs. And what then? Man will have learned the folly of war, and will exalt the Prince of Peace. So let us pursue the path of duty with an unfaltering trust in the Fatherhood of God, and confidence that all will come right, cheerfully making such sacrifices for the bringing about of righteousness and peace as may be demanded, and looking to the time when the Son of Righteousness shall arise with healing in His wings.

AN INTERNATIONAL RELIGION

NAN INTERVIEW with the General Mr. Harold Begbie says:—

"William Booth—that mighty old man with the heart of a child—did what no Englishman had ever done before him: he did the one thing no Englishman was supposed capable of doing: he established an international religion. Alone among the religious organizations in Great Britain, the Salvation Army is international.

"The son of William Booth reigns in his stead, and finds just now his international religion buffeted by the winds of war. He of all religious leaders in this country is most concerned by the international character of the war. German Salvationists are shooting English Salvationists, and Prussian Salvationists are shooting Austrian Salvationists. The General of the Salvation Army, like the Pope in Rome, must keep his head. He keeps it, I think, very effectually."

That Salvationists can serve their respective countries and still love one another is abundantly shown, we think, by the remarkable cases given in the article, "Salvationists on the Battlefield," found in this number.

SALVATIONISTS AT THE FRONT

ACCORDING TO THE GENERAL'S STATEMENT to Mr. Harold Begbie in an interview, there are forty thousand Salvationists in the British Army—"twenty thousand out-and-outers and twenty thousand adherents." This, to us, seems rather a conservative estimate. At one of our Toronto Corps, up to last September, seventeen Bandsmen, twenty Soldiers, and fifty-three adherents had enlisted. We enquired of other Corps in the Territory, and the proportion of Soldiers and adherents works out in the proportion of thirty Soldiers to fifty adherents. Salvationists take this war very seriously, and are none the worse soldiers on that account. The youngest company sergeant-major in the British Army is an Ottawa Bandsman—now in the trenches, if he is not in Glory. Several Salvationists have won Distinguished Conduct Medals, and one, at least, that we know of has won the Victoria Cross; whilst several others have received commissions. Some Salvationists are troubled in their souls at having to kill, and one of them

mentioned this difficulty to another Salvationist, who thus made answer: "Look here, what you've got to do is this: you've got to do your duty to God and King and country. It is the course of doing that duty that will happen to kill your fellow-man, that is no affair of yours." The Salvationist's conception of duty in this war is shown by the words of a dying Salvationist: "Tell my wife" said he to a Salvation Army Officer, "that I died for King and country, but I died for her and the children, too." Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friend. That is the spirit in which Salvationists fight. This will be a sorrowful Christmas for many a wife and mother. Let us remember them in our prayers and comfort them by our ministrations of kindness.

RED CROSS MOTOR CARS

WE UNDERSTAND that the Maple Leaf Unit of five Motor Ambulances for service at the front, dedicated by the Commissioner at the recent Toronto Congress, and sent by him to The General, has arrived in England, and will be duly dispatched to Russia. These cars, as the other Salvation Army Units at the front, will be operated by Salvationists.

THE THIRD GENERATION

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING PAGES in our Christmas Number—to Salvationists, at any rate—will be the page of portraits of the sons and daughters of General and Mrs. Bramwell Booth.—The Third Generation.



COMMISSIONER AND MRS. SOWTON, CANADA WEST

AN EPOCHAL HAPPENING
THE PAST YEAR has been notable for an epoch-making development in connection with the administration of The Salvation Army in Canada. We refer to the separation of the Western Provinces from those of Port Arthur. The separation took place last July, and Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton were, by The General, entrusted with the new Territory—Canada West, as the new Territory is designated. They have been well received, and in labours have been abundant, having visited nearly every part of their extensive Command. The Commissioner's last appointment was in India, and we have seen from him the promise of an interesting account of The Army's operations in the Indian Empire for our next Easter Number. One striking feature of this special issue will be the portraits of Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton similar in style to the handsome portraits of Commissioner and Mrs. Richards found in this issue.

NEW RECORDS

IT IS JUST A LITTLE OVER TWELVE MONTHS since Commissioner Richards took command of the Eastern portion of Canada, Newfoundland, and the Bermudas. During that time he has established new records. His first Self-Denial Effort resulted in an excess of nearly nine thousand dollars over any previous Effort—a total of \$52,519. And the Fall Councils, occupying a period of eight days, including five great meetings in the Massey Hall, were a magnificent success. In connection with these Councils, the greatest change of Staff Officers in Canada took place. During his first ten months' stay in Canada, the Commissioner travelled thirty-eight thousand miles, and conducted successful meetings attended by upwards of one hundred thousand persons, at which a thousand professed to find Salvation and the same number the blessing of Sanctification. During this same period the Commissioner inaugurated the Life-Saving Scouts—a picture of a Toronto Corps appears elsewhere—and the Girl Guards. These two organizations are similar in aim: the main purpose being the



ON MEN AND MATTERS CANADIAN

mention of the body—The Salvation of the mind—the Salvation of the soul—the Salvation of others. They look very smart, have become very popular, and no doubt will accomplish much good among the Young people.

CHRISTMAS CHEER WANTED

WE SHOULD LIKE to direct the attention of our readers to the opening page of the Pictorial section. The tripod stand, as stated in the headline of the picture, is a very familiar sight in Canadian cities at Christmas time, and we feel sure that by the great Canadian public it is a welcome sight to the hearts of passersby who have felt compassionate at the time for those behovetol. It is estimated that throughout the world The Salvation Army assists over a million or people to a substantial Christmas meal. And even here in Canada are thousands who, if it were not for The Salvation Army, would without Christmas fare on Christmas Day. We earnestly appeal to our readers to remember the poor at Christmas. Some touching stories of very bare already reached our Officers, who are laying themselves out to all they can to relieve distress. Will you help them? Further particulars concerning Christmas Cheer and Winter Relief Work will be found on page Thirty-one of this issue.



A Rear View, showing the interior of a Motor Ambulance

TRIKING FIGURES

THIS MAY BE OF INTEREST to our readers to know that throughout the world The Salvation Army has no fewer than 268 Shelters, Food Depots, and kindred institutions, which last year supplied nearly eight million beds and nearly fourteen million meals to the very poor. There are 196 Industrial Institutions, at which 96,955 men were supplied with temporary and permanent work during the year; while at our Labour Bureaux 95,119 instances were found during the same period.

ZULU WARRIOR

ELSEWHERE WILL BE FOUND a striking picture of a scene in a Zulu village, together with some interesting missionary sketches. The Zulu figure in the picture, whose hand is gripped by the woman Officer is a remarkable man. He is now an Adjutant, and at the recent International Congress in London (England), spoke in the Royal Albert Hall. And in our opinion few speakers have moved an audience as that Zulu Officer did that multitude of all nations, when he spoke of the time when a white man on the plain informed him of the death of The Army's Founder.

"Now that The General is dead," said the predictor of evil, "you Army will soon be done and finished with, and you had better see about getting another congregation."

We looked at Mbamoto's broad, honest face, glistening with perspiration; at those bronze limbs—models for the sculptor—adorned with the arborescent finery which delighted his ancestors, and could imagine the fine corn and splendid assurance with which the native orator replied thus to the scolding white man: "It is not so! The Army will not be done and finished with! For I have been to England and I have seen the greatness of The General! The Salvation Army will go on!" To the native mind, with its ideas of hereditary chieftainship, The Army stood in no jeopardy.

One passes, you may say, that Adjutant Mbamoto himself is a

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

ONE OF OUR ILLUSTRATIONS depicts a subject that is likely to strike a tender chord in many a heart this Christmas. It is that entitled "Somewhere in France." Many a young wife and mother in Canada at this Christmas-side will remember with a sorrowful heart that last Christmas the Bandsman-husband was at home by her side, but this Christmas he is subject to the hardships and dangers of the battlefield in the great war against war. Approximately two hundred and fifty Canadian Salvation Army Bandsmen alone are serving their God, King, and country with the overseas forces. Let us who, by sex, age, or other disability, cannot serve our country in this way, do what we can by means of tender hearts and cheerful countenances to bring cheer and consolation into the homes and lives of those who are bereft or saddened by the suffering and absence of loved ones. Let us remind them of Christ the Great Consoler, and also continue our prayers for absent comrades at the front. But not comrades of our own nationality only: let us remember that God has made of one blood all nations and races of men, and pray that French and German, Russian and Hun, may turn their dying eyes to the life-giving Cross.

OUR ARMY AND THE WAR

AT ONE OF THE SESSIONS of the Annual Congress meetings held in Toronto last October for the Province of Ontario, attended by five hundred Officer-Delegates, a message was received from The General to the Officers of Eastern Canada, which evoked much thrilling enthusiasm. From it we extract the following passages:—

"Your steadfast devotion to the principles of The Army, and your faith in our God, have uplifted us all. Your love for the Army has not only encouraged my own soul and raised my hopes on high for a glorious future. Join with me in thanking God for this, and also for the steady advance of The Army in the whole world. Since your last annual gathering, the dark clouds of war have been hanging low and heavy over the greater nations of the earth. Vast hosts of armed men are, as I write, struggling in deadly conflict; whole communities, innocent persons, are suffering the most appalling consequences of war; while over a still wider area of human life the spirit of hate which is the enemy of all that is good, alike in the present and in the future, the foe of both God and man.

"Amid all these grave and agitating perils, it is a great thing to be able to report that our beloved Army, sustained by the devotion and enthusiasm of its own people, and by the Hand of God upon it for good, goes forward. The year has been a fruitful year—each year an increase—each year, a year in spite of all, a year of love and of faith and victory.

My Comrades, I feel that I may confron you on the relationship of the recently-appointed Leader, Commissioner Richards. It seems to me that in this I can see a sign of the approval of God upon my selection of a Successor to one whose memory will always be precious in Canada—dear Commissioner Rees. May the Living God confirm and establish you in each other's hearts, and graciously answer the prayers for others which are sent to Him."

A Khaki Band of over sixty members—all Toronto Salvationists from the military camp at Niagara—look part in some of the meetings held in connection with this Congress. They rendered excellent service, and expressed a desire that the Khaki Band, during their stay in the Toronto training camp, should, if they remain intact, be utilized in specializing in some of the nearby towns. If military (Concluded on Page 6).



One of the Recently-formed Life-Saving Guards

BETHLEHEM'S STAR STILL SHINES

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE)

to thousands of bones with their sad tidings of bereavement and suffering, will surely make the glad tidings of great joy that proclaimed the Saviour's birth only the more welcome!

Have not the shackles of the slave, and the dungeon of the oppressor in every age, magnified the light of liberty and freedom? And for us in this time of awful conflict, will not the carnage, the strife, the cruelty, the desolation, make the message of peace on earth, goodwill toward men, the more precious just because the need is so great?

If this message had never been proclaimed, how black indeed had been our darkness! But glory to God in the Highest, the Saviour has come. There is no night so dark but that the Star of Bethlehem can lighten it! There is no sorrow so bitter that the Son of God cannot share, for "surely He bath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows"! In all our afflictions, He is afflicted, and when our heart is breaking, the Angel of His Presence can save us from despair. There is now no night without a dawn, no afflicted one who cannot be comforted.

Sorrow and Love go side by side.
No height, nor depth, can e'er divide
The love that God created in us.
Those dear associates still are one,
Nor till the race of life is run
Divide their wedded hands.

So let the followers of Christ lift up their heads on this precious Anniversary of our Saviour's birth, and let them go forth with greater assurance than ever before to carry the unfailing remedy for all ills into the darkest places at this dark time.

Go forth to prepare the way for the Light of the World. The Light of His Understanding proclaiming that He knows all things and that He is above all—that the government is upon His shoulder—that the hearts of kings and rulers and governors are in His hand—that the Lord reigneth! "Alleluia! for the Lord omnipotent reigneth!"

And prepare the way also for the Light of His Compassion! There is no suffering but reaches His heart. His ears have heard the little child-



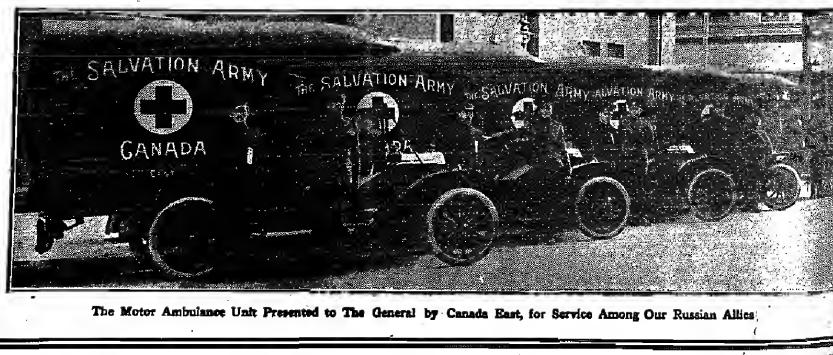
MRS. GENERAL BOOTH

OUR ARMY AND THE WAR

(Continued from Page 5)
necessities permit the men remaining in Toronto over the winter, arrangements will be made to

give effect to this proposal. Testimonies are reaching us from all hands as to the good influence that Salvationists bring to the rest of the men with whom they are brought into contact. Many have been led to Christ, or led to abandon

harmful habits, through the personal efforts of Salvationist comrades, while the efforts of the Chaplains in their public meetings have been largely owned of God. Let us continue steadfast in our prayers on their behalf.



The Motor Ambulance Unit Presented to The General by Canada East, for Service Among Our Russian Allies.

men's cry and He will avenge them. "He that is higher than the highest regardeth."

And is not one of the most terrible darknesses of this time, not merely the physical suffering brought about by the war—not the piping wounds—not the horrors of the dying on the wintry fields—not the pestilence and starvation—but the darkness of moral ruin which is spreading over so many hearts—the victims of the drink—the victims of lust—the victims of the special temptations which have overtaken so many of the young far away from the restraining influences of home and country? Upon this thick darkness the Light of His Purity and Truth can shine, for "He is able to succour them that are tempted."

The question has been asked, Does not this war between Christian nations indicate a fall from Christianity? We cannot deny that war is itself contrary to the spirit of Christianity, but apart from the influence of Christianity, there would be no voice raised to condemn the war. There would be no protest made against atrocities or cruelties. And we may, with confidence this Christmas-time remind ourselves and proclaim to all the world that peace and goodwill toward men is the Christ ideal, and that a follower of Christ it is for this we must work, for this we may, if necessary, wage war. For, as God called to Cyrus of old, saying, "whose right hand I have held to subdue nations before him," so He calls to His followers in every land to join Him in opposition to all that is opposed to His pure and perfect law. The proclamation of the Good Tidings we never more necessary.

Come to us, blest and blessing, Christmas Day! Tell us once more the tale of Bethlehem! What 'tis to be a man; to give, not take; To serve, not rule; to nourish, not devour; To help, not crush; if need to, die, not live!

Human life is the highest in God's creation. In the mineral kingdom we have existence without growth, in the vegetable world growth without animation, in the lower animal life animation without reason; but in the higher human life we have all three—growth, animation, and reason, political, social, and moral attributes.

THE CANADIAN CHRISTMAS WAR CRY—Dec. 25, 1915

SALVATIONISTS ON THE BATTLEFIELD

HOW BRITISH, BELGIAN & GERMAN SALVATION SOLDIERS HELPED ONE ANOTHER

THE GIFT OF A GUERNSEY

When the Highgate Salvation Army Corps Band visited the King Albert Hospital for convalescent Belgian soldiers, the Bandsmen were agreeably surprised to see a red guernsey fast by one of the men. Inquiries elicited the fact that the man was a Belgian, Private Le Clercq by name, hailing from near Liege, and wounded in the retreat from Antwerp in October, 1914. He was now boldy testifying of his Salvationism before his one hundred and one fellow patients.

A CUP OF COLD WATER

"The battle of — was in progress, and our

trenches were being raked by the enemy fire. We were expecting to be hit, but the German guns would not fire, and there was silence, and presently along came the order 'Charge!' We dashed into the open and rushed forward.

It was a perfect hall of bullets. Many of our men bit the dust, but we who remained came to grips with the enemy. I cannot write of what happened then. The killing of men is a ghastly

part of the way back to the trenches I saw a poor German soldier trying to get to his water bottle. He was in a fearful condition. I knelt down by his side. Finding his own water bottle empty, I gave him water from mine. Somewhat revived, he opened his eyes and said, 'My Salvation Army! My Salvation Army!' His drawl was broken English: "Salvation Army? I also am a Salvation Soldier?" Then he felt for his Army badge. It was still pinned to his coat, though bespattered with blood.

"I think we both shed a few tears, and then I picked up his pained body, and with all such tenderness as possible, and with the terrible hall of death was beginning again, I carried him to the ambulance. But he was beyond human aid. When I placed him on the wagon he gave a gentle tug at my coat; thinking he wanted to say something he bent low and said, 'Jesus, save me!' and he whispered: 'Jesus, save with Jesus!'"

A CUP OF TEA

"There's one man down," shouted a sergeant of an East Lancashire Regiment, as he pointed to our comrade, fallen about five yards from where I was standing," voices a comrade of that regiment. "At once can I pick him up and carry him to the little wooden building used as a temporary hospital. On the way toward the

hut was struck in the head, but I continued in my task and started off with him to the hospital. I was shot again, but managed to get through to the hospital with my burden. There I found two other wounded men—a Britisher and a German. The latter was seriously injured in the stomach and was calling for death.

"I was by his side. I said to him in German, 'Drink cold water?' 'No,' he answered, 'hot!' And I determined that if I got shot in the attempt, the poor fellow should not die without having had something to warm him. I said to myself, 'I know I am ready, I'll chance it; if I don't get through, Heaven's my Home; what more can I do?'

"I had my wounds dressed, and then went out. First, I made tracks for the pump, about one hundred yards from the shed, walking as best I could some of the distance, and crawling the remainder, for the shells were falling and exploding all around. Thank God, He spared me to go there safely."

"Having got the water safely I gathered some sticks and went back to the shed; taking some matches from my pocket I lit a fire in the open and boiled the water, made tea, and took it into the hospital. Shells were whistling around all the time.

"My poor German was too far gone to move, so I laid him down. I placed his head upon my knee and gave him a drink. Oh, how grateful he was; tears of gratitude came into his eyes. I shall never forget that moment, all enemy was forgotten, and we loved each other. Thank God! He spared me to do at least that act of God unto a fallen foe."

THE GLORY OF WAR

divested himself of his warm red guernsey and gave it to the other. Strange seems this for the battle field! A Belgian colonel noted the act and expressed some admiration.

"Oh, but look at my brother," explained Le Clercq to the other.

"A strange brother," said the colonel with an amazed shrug. "I wonder you trust him!"

"A brother-Salvationist, sir," added Le Clercq. "He's all right."

The next month our comrade was wounded, and again I was called in, this time being treated in a hospital near Ypres.

To his bedside came a clergyman who regularly visited the sufferers. When this gentleman found that Le Clercq was a Salvationist he became deeply interested, and they had a number of conversations from time to time. One day the clergyman, a friend of the colonel's, paid a visit, and the handing over of the guernsey. This moved his new friend so much that he said:—

"Then I shall give you mine for yourself, though I value it so highly!"

"But you haven't got a Salvation Army guernsey," said the wondering Le Clercq. "He was prepared for surprises in the Old Country, but hardly for this!"

"Indeed I have," said the other, "and I have

worn it off and on for nearly twenty-five years. It is still good." And so it was the clergyman's red jacket which Le Clercq was wearing before his one hundred and one fellow patients.

We are inclined to share the Belgian's wonder, for it is not exactly usual that a Church clergyman, however "warm," should own and wear a Salvation Army guernsey. How did this thing come about? That makes the other story!

Twenty-five years ago in the neighbourhood of Lowestoft a certain bad man had got into life. He was a drunkard, a gambler, fond of strong liquor potations, and altogether indifferent to religion.

His wife, on the other hand, was a Salvationist, a woman of prayer, and she was sorely tried and anxious by her husband's surly godlessness. The clergyman in question used to go up the streets of Lowestoft, and to him the dark waters God gave him the man's soul. The grateful convert, out of respect to his spiritual master, said he would join the Church, but the clergyman said,

"Your wife is a Salvationist; she has been praying for me. Be the same, serve God together." He obeyed, and their's became a proper Salvation Army home.

Knowing her benefactor to go on long sea journeys, as far north as the Shetlands, so bleak and cold, the wife got him to accept from her as an "outward sign" of her love and gratitude the present of a warm Salvation Army guernsey of the jacket shape.

This our friend wore when extra bodily cold (and, may we add, when extra spiritually warm) on his travels, and at Salvation Army meetings in the Old Country. Feeling for his principles, and not inclined to wear it, he wore "Salvation Army" words; these were replaced by "God is Love." When not being worn the jacket was carefully kept from moth and dust by its owner. And only a week ago the colonel, in a gesture of affection, made him offer it up again, a gift after these years of possessiveness. In strange scenes and strange times, on Brother Le Clercq's soldierly frame, the guernsey is performing its witnessing service still.

NEAR TURKISH TRENCHES

An interesting letter is had from The Salvation Army Chaplain, Brigadier McKenzie, who is with the Australian troops. From the Gallipoli Peninsula he writes:—

"I came right up into the firing line with the troops of the — Brigade, where the Turkish trenches are within fifty yards of us; in fact, I was sent for as the boys were anxious I should be with them and, to tell the truth, I was learning to be with them, and mind them. They were more than glad to see me, and is it not a relief to know so solicitous they are for my welfare and safety."

"You will, of course, read all about our terrible struggle. The Australians have accomplished величие the impossible, and very many brave things have been done that will never be told of. Their achievement ranks as one of the most glorious in the history of the war."

"We have had to pay a heavy toll, as we had no guns, only rifles and bayonets, and had to face a deadly hail of shrapnel and machine gun fire."

"The loss of so many brave and valiant men is a sore trial to me, and it has all my soul with anguish."

"I am reading the burial service over many of them, and also have to conduct a good many funerals every day. Our colonel, with our brigadier, brigade major, and many other gallant officers were lost the first two days."

"We found the colonel's body the first day I arrived, lying in an exposed position. We buried him at 9 p.m. I had to lie a hour and a half to get him buried, and the bullets were flying over my head. The brigadier meanwhile was whistling over my head, but I could not hear him, as I was nearly 'out' on four separate occasions."

(Concluded on Page 30)

GOD'S PROMISES & MAN'S FAITH

By Commissioner Lucy Booth-Hellberg

"The Promises of God are sure—they are sure if—if you will only believe!" Last Words of the Late General Booth

I SUPPOSE there was never a time in the history of the world when was realized a greater need of faith in the living God than the present—not because there have not been other wars, for the past abounds in conflicts, perhaps, in their way, as terrible as this, but because now affecting the whole world—but rather because there never has been a time when the religion of the world had reached the advanced stage of the present day and religion became as widely established upon the face of the earth. Neither must we forget what science has done in the way of the horrible inventions of torture and death that now exist. The mighty guns, the deadly hidden mines, and even the waging of war in the air. Thus I think, am so to speak, of the situation of the world, and the foundation upon which we stand is never so solid as when we have the assurance of the promises of God. And perhaps have Christians felt their utter need of clinging to the bark of faith as to-day.

I have thought, sometimes, that if this war had been predicted before my father's death—or, if, during those last days when he was fighting his way through the darkness, it had been called to him that such a period of strife, attended by such a harvest of calamity and woe, was already nearing its dawn, the last legacy he left us, the last conscious words he uttered on earth, could not have been more comfortingly chosen wherewith to comfort us during these years of test since our loss!

I wonder how many—I was going to say thousands—of times I have gone over that last Sunday when he spoke them, and seen the sun set, it casting upon the pattern of the carpet on the floor, the number, and touched in the gentleness of its warm rays those dear, sightless eyes, and witnessed those wonderful, long, thin fingers that clasped in the onward grip after the loving, tender hands of my dear mother! That dear, burning hand, as I held it in between my own hands, and the soft, white hair as I stroked it from the hot, feverish, yet deathly brow. Oh, yes! Thousands of times I have seen that vision in the railway cars, and seen it in the hard, long, prayer meeting struggle for souls, I have seen it! Reflected in the weeping eyes of the penitent at the Pénitent Form I have seen it! And now, even at this Christmas time, I shall see it all again! Then those words, "I heard those dear lips after they were spoken with a struggle, but out they came. What a precious legacy for future generations! "The promises of God are sure—they are sure if—if you will only believe!" and again, "If you will only believe."

Ob, was it not just as if he knew what was coming? All the hate, all the wrong, all the trouble, all the misery, all the woe, all the nations' manhood! Just as though he knew we, whom he was going to leave behind, would want something that was more than a "scrap of paper"! held out to a world bathed in mourning! Something more than a "scrap of paper"! to whisper to the dying: with which to meet the mortal courage into the living! Yes, it was just as if he knew, indeed! We, who could not see or understand the why and wherefore of that seemingly mystery, but since then much of the woe concerning his death has been driven away from our eyes, and we are glad he went. But his legacy he left behind him: "The promises of God they are sure, if—." Ah, the "if." Oh, the thought that little word "if" has cost thousands of us. Who have buried our loved ones—when we have come from the grave—Oh, the many "ifs" that have come up! but, if only I had tried that! If only I had taken them to the doctor, or to that climate, we have said, until our reason has trembled in the balance, and we have called out in our anguish, "What is the use, now that they are gone?"

Does it ever comfort and torture the sinner—the backslide? "If thou markest I entreated committing the awful crime of murder, I had fallen upon my knees and said to God, my hands would never have been stained with blood!" "Murderer through his sins the morning he was to be executed, 'If only I had embraced my Cross afresh, instead of laying it

down for what looked like a crown, I should not see written on my dark wall every night in large white letters the words, 'Lost opportunities,' said an ex-Officer to me, while her hot, feverish hand pressed mine, and her hot tears fell upon it.

"I have seen the Father who takes, this terrible pain caused by rebellion would cease," spoke the sweetest of young mothers, as with her dead darling upon her knee, she kept planting burning kisses, watered by her scorching tears, upon the marble face, as though their living warmth would make baby wake from that strange, cold slumber. Oh, yes! that "if"! What agonies it presents, yet what infinite joy, comfort or peace it unfolds! The unutterable blessing contained in the numberless promises of God—are sure and eternal as the Rock of Ages! "If we will only believe!"—"If we will only believe!"

But let us for one moment recall the life which led to those words. He lived for eighty years, he bore huge responsibilities, was subject to the bitterest disappointments, physical and otherwise. Again and again he had to pass to Glory by the way of Gethsemane, yet his last cry of triumph, as the mortal, earthly tabernacle which dissolved, was, "The promises of God are sure if—if you will only believe!"

Do you not suppose there were circumstances and seasons when that "if" confronted him; when, in his weaker, if possible, let this cup pass from me? But he did not stop at the "if"—he continued, "Nevertheless, Father, not my will, but Thine, be done!" He endured unto the end, and, like Abraham, after he had endured, he observed the command!

Oh, I am thinking there will be millions of God's children to-day in this poor, stricken, bleeding world who will be bearing at this Christmastide some deep secret or open sorrow, maybe caused by the sins and follies of others, who will be wondering if God still hears their prayers, and even if it is any use praying at all! If they could only believe this promise: "And it shall come to pass that before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear."

There are thousands of others this Christmas time who, since that of 1914, have lost all they possessed, who will be struggling with the direst doubts as to whether, after all, there is a Christ, and if there is, whether He cares enough for all this chaos of misery, destruction, and death. If only such could believe that little verse: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father? But ye are of more value than many sparrows—the very hairs of your head are all numbered."

There are thousands more this Christmas time who will be struggling with poverty for the first time; adversity will be pressing heavily upon them! They will have to watch their loved ones in want, which is much greater pain than being in need ourselves. If only they could believe that promise, beautiful among the beautiful, "I will comfort you." These promises are all ours, if only we will believe them. "Behold the night of the world is dark, the faith shineth brighter in the dark! I will like a wee phosphorescent cross I once had when young, which hung over my bed. It was very pretty in the sunlight, and everybody used to admire it, but I would say to them all, 'Oh, but you should see it in the darkness of the night!'" Even so proved the promises of God later in my life, when the storms blew, when the little babies died, when I buried the best and dearest—it was then in dark sorrow that the promises shone sure, when if only I could believe!

"Believe though the sky is darker than ever—than ever before—Believe though the mists have arisen and you cannot see the shore; Believe though your heart is breaking: remember His promise, if care, if trouble, if poverty, if death, if—just dare!"

Believe, Oh, believe; He is faithful; Just trust Him, just follow,



COMMISSIONER LUCY BOOTH-HELLBERG

Editorial Echo



LAST
FOR HELPING

A FAMILIAR SIGHT at Christmastide in the large cities of the Dominion is that of Salvationists collecting for the poor, and the substantial sums given are proof of the confidence the public has in The Salvation Army. Last Christmas Eve a gentleman, with his coat collar turned up, evidently anxious to avoid recognition, dropped into the pot a roll of twenty-five dollar bills—tied together in a rough and ready manner with a piece of string—just as casually as though it were a single dollar bill. It is thought he was the man who gave five hundred dollars the year previous. It is not in the power of all to give a thousand-dollar gift, but most can put in a quarter to help keep the pot hauling for the poor at Christmas. And we earnestly ask our readers to remember those who need our help.

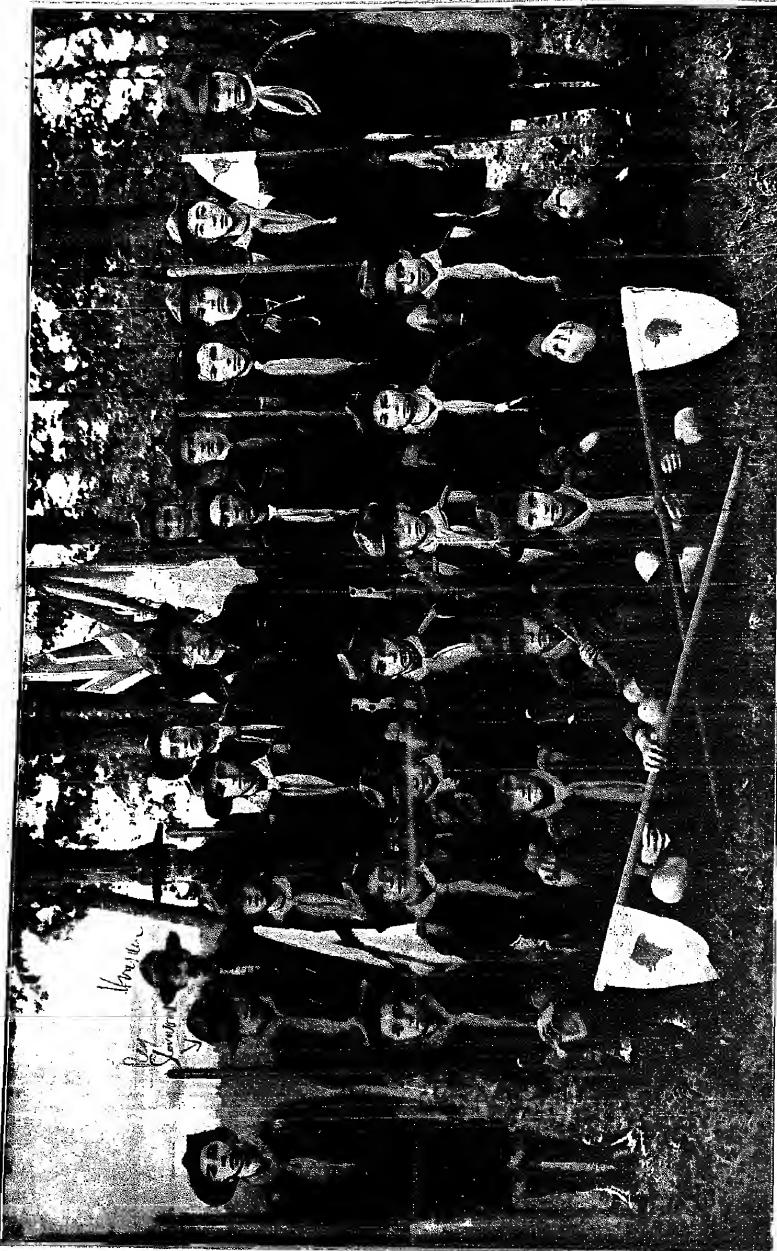


CHRIST ON THE BATTLEFIELD

OUR ILLUSTRATION is designed to show in pictorial form some of the agencies for the spiritual and material well-being of those in the firing lines. In the foreground will be seen the Chaplain affording spiritual consolation to the dying soldier, and receiving from him his message to those at home. The Salvation Army has official and vicarial Chaplains with all the belligerent forces except those of Austria and Turkey. With the Canadian Overseas Forces we have six Chaplains with the honor of the Cross. In the middle foreground is a Salvationist with a wounded Belgian. Over eight thousand wounded Belgian soldiers have passed through our hands. In the background

stands a Motor Ambulance. Four Units of Motor Ambulances have been presented to the Military Authorities by The Salvation Army. Canada has just contributed three cars. These cars are operated by Salvationists. There are approximately two thousand Salvation Army Bandsmen at the front, who, when on active service, act as stretcher-bearers. There are thousands of members of The Army's Naval and Military League who endeavor every opportunity to assist the distressed friend and foe alike, as shown by the British soldier who is giving a drink to his wounded brother ... a wounded German, who proved to be a Salvationist also. Further particulars of this humanitarian work will be found on Page 6.

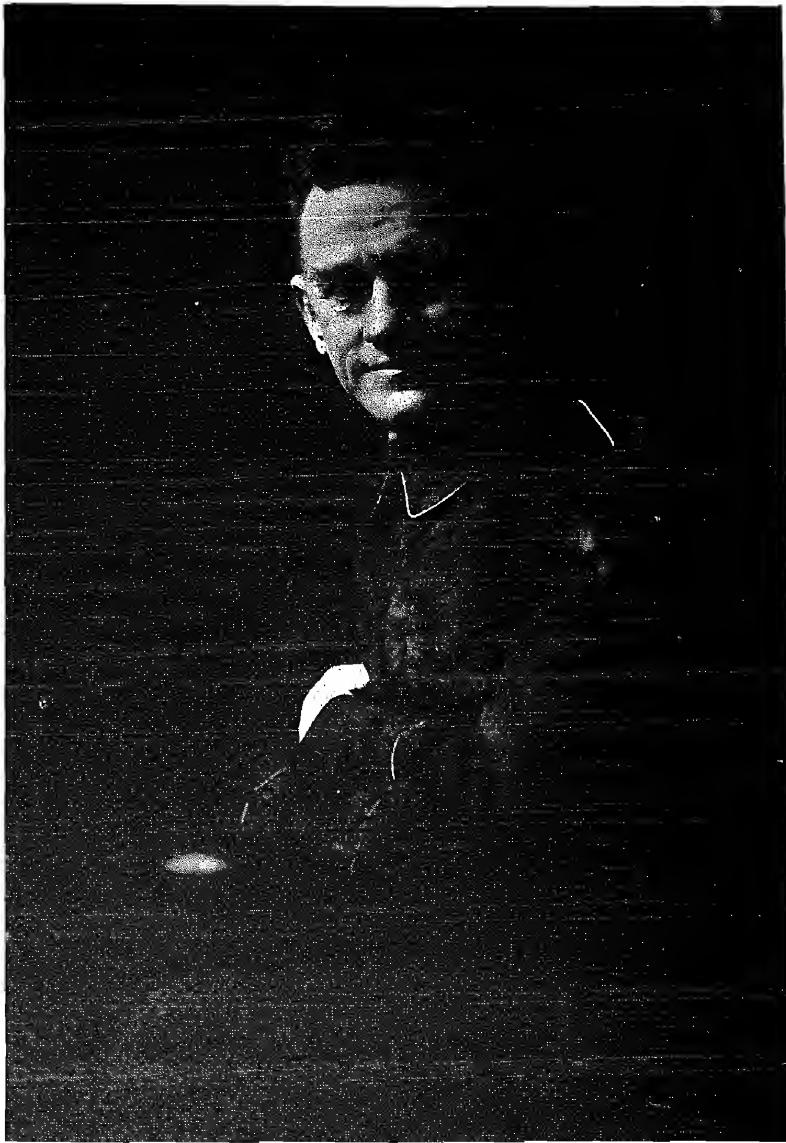
THE CANADIAN CHRISTMAS WAR CRY—Dec. 25, 1915



A TROOP OF TORONTO
LIFE-SAVING SCOUTS

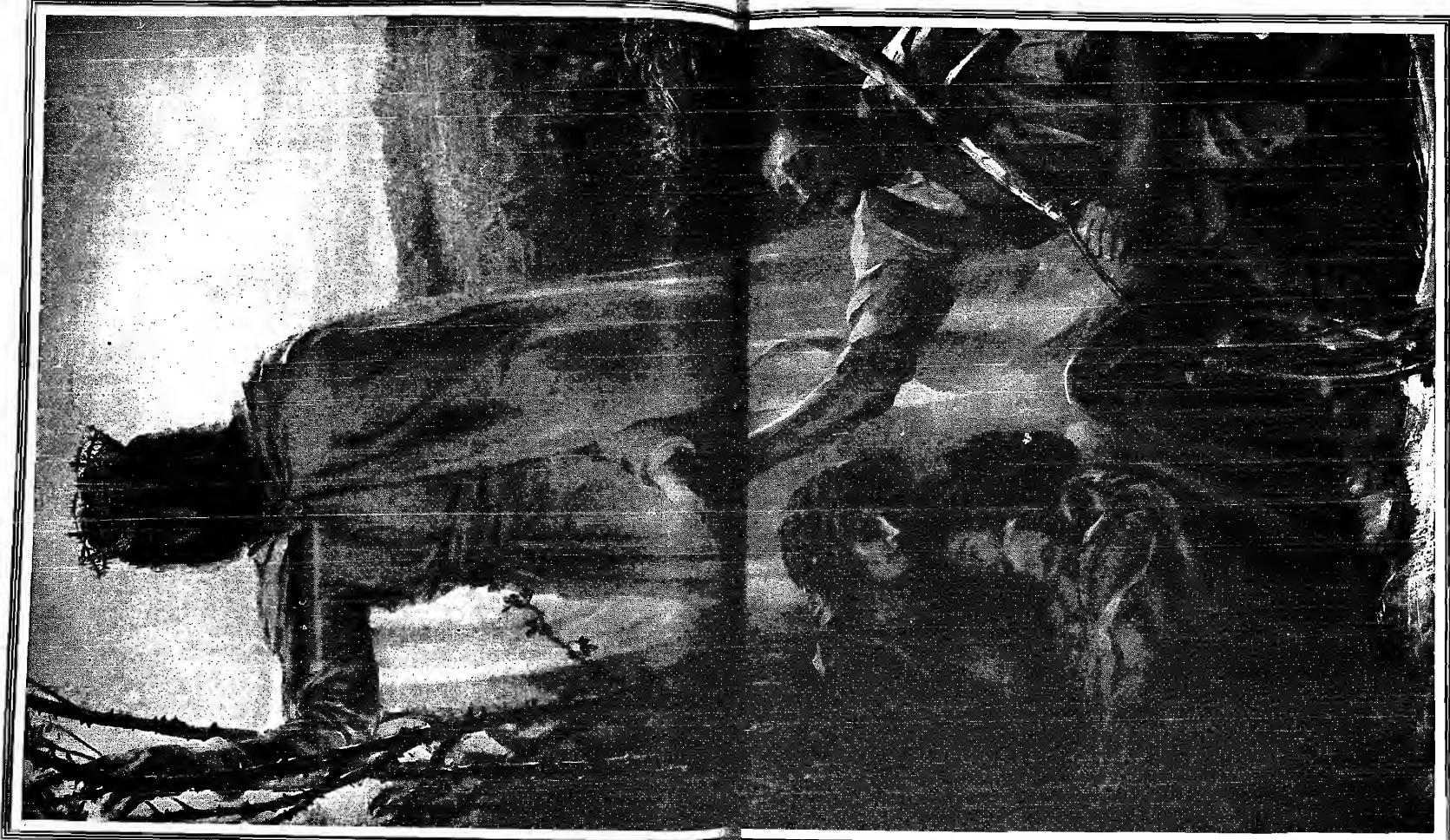
This is a Salvation Army activity on behalf of the Young People which has been inaugurated during 1915. It has met with great popularity and success, and promises to accomplish great good amongst the boys

THE CANADIAN CHRISTMAS WAR CRY—Dec. 25, 1915



COMMISSIONER W. J. RICHARDS

Chief Officer of The Salvation Army in Canada and Newfoundland



By permission of Major
Frederick T. B. Lowe,
Member of the Royal Canadian
Artillery, and the
Royal Canadian Engineers

"I WILL GIVE YOU REST"

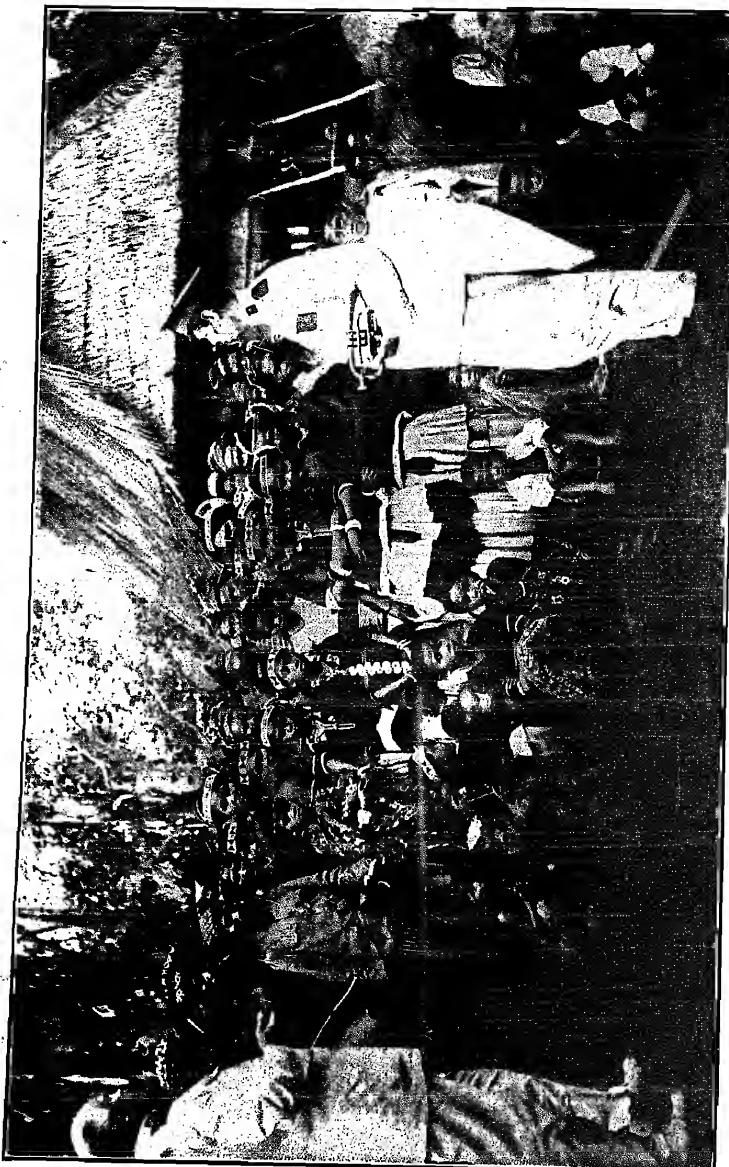


MRS. COMMISSIONER RICHARDS



HE IS SOMEWHERE
IN FRANCE THIS CHRISTMAS

Nearly two thousand Salvation Army Bandmen are serving at the front. Sixty Toronto Bandmen enlisted in a fortnight, and all over the Dominion this Christmas there are Bandman's wives who will fondly gaze at the portrait of the dear absent one. Pray for them.



MISSIONARY WORK IN MID-CELEBES

This interesting photograph shows Lieut.-Colonel de Groot and Captain Jeanne holding an open-air meeting with the natives of Celebes, Celebes, Indonesia. The General is President of the Salvation Army Missionary Work. The Captain is President of the Army in Indonesia.

•THE THIRD GENERATION•



GENERAL & MRS. WILLIAM BOOTH.



GENERAL & MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH.



Capt. BERNARD BOOTH.



Capt. MIRIAM BOOTH.



Cadet Sergeant Major OLIVE BOOTH.



Bandmaster WYCLIFFE BOOTH.



Ensign MARY BOOTH.



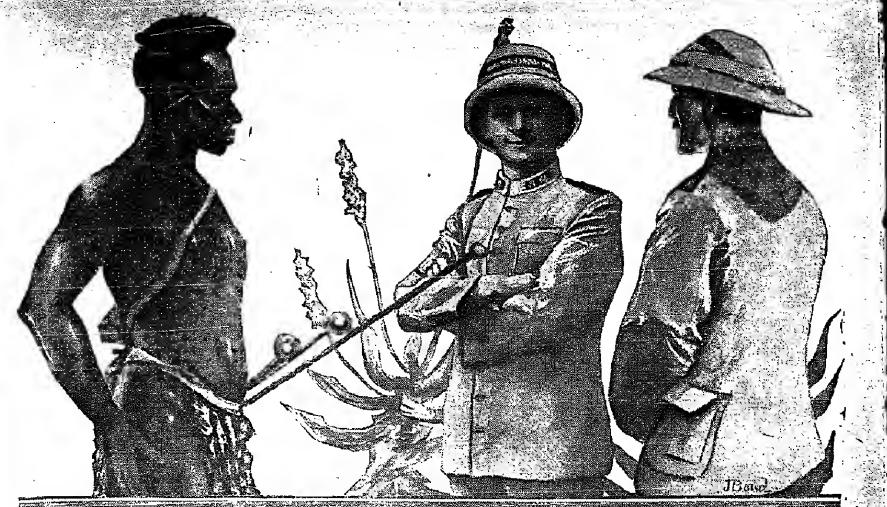
Treasurer DORA BOOTH.

• *The Sons and Daughters of General Bramwell Booth* •



SAVATION ARMY OFFICERS ARRIVE IN TIME TO STOP A FIGHT AT A NATIVE KRAAL.

While the Government has put down the oil in inertial lighting, numberless small fires still arise among South African natives, and often lead to dangerous outbreaks. Most trouble of this kind springs from the hold. (See Page 25.)



"Oh, MFundi, I have a fire, a raging fire here!" . . . "Ha, it is his sciatic nerve that's bothering him," remarked the leader.

MISSION FIELD SKETCHES

COMMISSIONER RICHARDS, when in charge of The Army's operations in South Africa, once visited a settlement in Zululand. He was accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, the Secretary for the Native Work. The Officer in charge of the Settlement, Adjutant M'Bambo, organized a great procession of converts—the results of two years' labour—to meet the Commissioner. The following stories briefly describe some of the Zulu converts who formed the front rank of the procession:

THE MIRACLE

WITH her head thrown back, flashing eyes, and her long, bony fingers gripping the staff, she might have been modelled for a human figure in sculpture. Her ample body pulsed with vitality, and nothing seemed more alive than she. And yet, not so very long before, she had, to human eyes, been dead and her grave had been dug, and lamentations had been made on her account. The simple children of the wilderness she was a miracle: she had been

gently rubbed the face, and from that passed to shaking the hands. To his surprise, a warm colour seemed to overspread the face of the dead. He continued his manipulations and prayer, and then to his surprise, the supposedly-dead woman sat up and spoke.

There was excited amazement when the native came to cut out the burial cloth found the corpse still and apparently well. They marvelled at the powers of The Salvation Army Officer who, they considered, had raised her from the dead, and they called him the "resurrection man."

This afforded him an opportunity of preaching unto the natives the glorious news that "he that believeth, though he were dead, yet shall live."

The woman believed, and experienced a new birth into consciousness.

The woman had been sick for some days, and then life seemed to leave her. Perhaps it had: who knows? At any rate, for a considerable time she lay still and apparently breathless. Her friends gathered round and manifested their mournful task.

Among those who came to show their sympathy with the bereaved ones was the Salvation Army Officer. He was received into the hut with great courtesy—for he had won their respect. He stood on the side of the lifeless woman, and, although the bony hands could not move, to carry her out, an instant a Divine prompting caused him to delay the funeral. He desired to pray beside the body of the supposed dead.

After prayer, an instant or a Divine prompting—which again caused him to place his hand upon the dead woman's face. He was conscious of a touch that was not deathlike; his uncon-

sciousness of the precious article—the witch doctor said. "A big snake."

"Who is the owner of that snake?" one of the men asked.

"Noma," was the reply.

Noma was the name of the old woman.

In vain she denied the accusation, but the women of the tribe moved away from her. They would not sit with such a polluted being.

She was examined and cross-

examined again, but she denied ever

having caused the precious thing to be taken, or

being able to produce it. She was cruelly treated

but could not confess the crime.

Then, on the advice of the witch-doctor, it

was decided that she should be torched by fire

and be left to perish. She was placed in a grass

hut, and the structure was set alight. The dried

grass and reeds roared and blazed like an

inferno, and when the flames and smoke had died

away, only the charred remains lay around the

smoking ashes.

"We did it in our ignorance," MFundi. "We

only wanted to teach her a lesson."

"Truly we did a horrible thing,

but we did it in darkness. Will not the good

God forgive us for this sin?"

Thus spoke three native prisoners in the

Pietermaritzburg Prison.

The news of the "smelling-out" and the burn-

ing of the old native woman had reached the

ears of the Government, and the three men who

placed the old woman in the hut and fired it at

the behest of the witch-doctor and the chief had

been arrested, convicted, and sentenced to a

ten-year imprisonment in a native prison.

They had been visited by a native Salvation Army Officer; and, as a result of his prayers and coun-

sel to them, God was merciful to these three penitent heathen.

On their release from prison they became

consistent, happy Christians, and were to the

front in the great procession to welcome the

Commissioner into their district.

THE "MAD" ZULU

ANATIVE of Herculean frame, with a Sergeant's chevron on his arm, and a huge cane's horn to his lip, led the procession.

The cane's horn was a

FLOTSAM and JETSAM

NOT long ago a large ship, bound from Montreal to Toronto with a cargo of timber, was driven by a storm on to the rocky shores of the lake, almost within sight of Toronto harbour. With her bow and stern dashed in, there she lay on the rocks, being mercilessly pounded by giant waves, which beat every moment more completely. A small crowd streamed out to the scene to watch the salvaging crew at work. What a pitiful sight was to see the broken remnants of the once great ship, now useless and abandoned.

But one could not help but be struck with an analogy between ships and humanity. Men, too, are driven by storms over the sea of life, are driven by storms to the rocks of doubt, despair and recklessness! Battered wrecks of their once former selves, useless and abandoned by friends, in their pitiful position exhort us to sympathy. And here is a typical example. The Army, which is helping hand in their hour of utmost need, here are a few typical samples of such salvage work, which have recently come under our notice:

ON THE WATER WAGON

He was nearly fifty years of age and his total annual was forty-five cents. After half a century of toiling and struggling in the busy world, it was not a very grand reward for it. But for Tom had been foolish with the money he earned, and the saloonkeeper had got possession of the greater part of it. He came shuffling into his Army Metropole one dizzling night, wet through the skin, and as he sat drying his clothes by the stove, the Officer learned part of his story.

"Yes, sir, I had as good a start in life as any young man," declared the poor wreck. "My mother gave me a thorough business education and started me as a bookkeeper in the office of a large firm. I worked hard, and I did well, and instead of striving to serve my employers to the utmost of my ability, I merely did the least that was required of me and was often reprimanded for idleness and arriving late. The company I got in with didn't help any and often I was sent to the saloon to work through my drunkenness and debauchery of the eight before. The consequence was I lost my position. Another was obtained for me and for a time I made an attempt to reform. But whisky proved my downfall again. Since then I have been a drifter, from place to place, holding a job for a time and then getting ignominiously fired. My poor old mother died of a broken heart because I had left my wife long ago and refused to take her with me. Here I am, fifty years of age, with no friends, a d d down and out. I feel like ending it all in the river at times, but then—oh, God! I feel like I think of what's beyond. Do you think there's any hope for a fellow like me?"

FROM LAW TO THE "COOP"

Week No. 2 was at one time a prosperous lawyer. He also made shipwreck of his life and prospects through drink. The Army Captain first met him in a Police Station. Though quite aware of the fact that he was a poor, old, half-broken man, he did not yield to the man's entreaties for money. He took him home, got him to clean himself up and then set a good hot meal before him.

"Now, well, you," said the Captain. "And now, you're a new man. Now you're clean and passed since then and Tom is still on the water wagon, is holding a good position and is grateful to The Army for temporal and spiritual help in the hour of his direst need."

THE LAWYER, who sank from a position of responsibility to that of a vagrant

And then the work of salvaging this poor human wreck began. He was not restored to health and made much from that moment, to live happily ever after. Very few men of his age and experience can on their feet at one bound. Much patience was to be exercised by the salvagers in reclaiming wrecked humanity.

Tom was given odd jobs around the Metropole and sometimes sent out to do responsible work. He ate well, the meals which he had, and seemed to derive benefit from it, for he kept off the drink and seemed to be a really reformed character. Then one day he struck a good job which brought him in a very large salary. This temporary prosperity, did his undoing and to the Officers' sorrow,

SOME STRIKING HUMAN DOCUMENTS CONCERNING WRECKS ON THE SEA OF LIFE, AND HOW THE ARMY SALVAGED THEM

Tom came home to The Metropole one night in a horribly drunken condition. Pleadings were of no avail and the man went from bad to worse till at last he came within the clutches of the law and was sentenced to a term in jail. But The Army man gives Tom a free pardon.

The Captain visited the jail and talked and prayed with Tom, but all to no avail. When Tom got out of jail he went on a big drink again. Many men would have ceased their efforts to help Tom after this, but not so the Captain. One day the two men met on the street. "Gimme a dime to get something to eat with, Captain," pleaded Tom, "I'm nearly starved."

But the Captain refused. He knew Tom meant a drink. "Come to the Metropole and I'll give you a dime," he said. "But I'll give you no money." Tom turned away in disgust. For four days the Captain did not speak to him. He laid aside his Captain's uniform and begged for money. "I talked to him about principle," said the Captain, "and the nobility of standing firm in our resolves for good. It seemed to affect him very deeply."

These walks became of frequent occurrence and at last the Captain ventured to approach the subject of religion. Rather to his surprise the man acknowledged that he believed The Army was right in its beliefs after all, and that he wished to obtain the assurance that his sins were forgiven. The Captain urged him to get right with God there and then but he seemed to shrink from the task and had to be urged on, like a case in Court. But the Captain has hopes of his thorough conversion yet.

Through the active efforts of the Captain this man obtained a good position once more, and out of his first month's salary he paid for the Captain's uniform. He has not forgotten him since. He has kept off the drink ever since he went home with the Captain, and is in a fair way once more of making good from a material standpoint. Let his hope be well at length find the "peace that passeth all understanding," and thus a success in the sight of God.

THE OLD SOLDIER

Joe was Wreck No. 3. He was seventeen years of age when The Army first got hold of him. In his early days he had been a British soldier. He came to Canada as far back as 1873, and for many years worked in the mines of New Brunswick. Then he went railroading out West. All the time he was a very hard drinker, and it played havoc with his constitution.

In his old age he appeared in the Police Court as a drunk and a tramp. The Captain asked him if he that he could not walk without the aid of a thick stick. He was also filthy dirty.

All the way from the Police Court to the Metropole he cried like a child. "Party hard, Capen, party hard!" he said, "to come to this at my time of life!"

The Captain prepared a good hot meal (Continued on Page 29)

to the Captain again. He pleaded with the Magistrate to be given one more chance, so that no one should sell him liquor. "Why don't you go with The Salvation Army?" asked the Magistrate.

"The Army will help you if any one on earth can." By this time the poor old man had thought that his last vestige of respect had fled, for he signified his willingness to go with the Army.

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THE YOUNG SPORT

He was Wreck No. 4. He was seventeen years of age when The Army first got hold of him. In his early days he had been a British soldier. He came to Canada as far back as 1873, and for many years worked in the mines of New Brunswick. Then he went railroading out West. All the time he was a very hard drinker, and it played havoc with his constitution.

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All the way from the Police Court to the Metropole he cried like a child. "Party hard, Capen, party hard!" he said, "to come to this at my time of life!"

The Captain prepared a good hot meal (Continued on Page 29)

O KOTO SAN

A Japanese Love Story

March to the Hall. Then I went always, listening, trying to understand. When I felt I did understand, I went to the Penitent Form; I did not go to the saved, for I am always so happy. I also a Recruit, and if you have become clever in the Japanese language, you will come and tell you all about it. I have thought of you each day, and never thought to see you till we met in Heaven. Now God has been so kind to allow us to meet again, and we will go to Heaven together.

O Koto San, youngest of a heathen family, much opposed to her action, became a Soldier, making a brave stand for God and The Army, living a Godly life at home, praying, singing, and testifying for Jesus in the streets. The Spirit of the Lord had taken possession of her. Loving her parents and kindly devotedly, they were subordinate to her. She had no English—she had, as yet, no Japanese.

Ah, so happy thought she. The Officer and brother came to visit. As she placed the book on her lap, the elder maiden offered her a basket of beautiful fruit, further confusing the European. With the aid of the dictionary and many gestures it was at length clear that the visitors were sisters, the elder desiring to secure a teacher for the younger. Then remembrance came.

A couple of doors distant was a Japanese lady who could speak English and would kindly interpret for The Army Officer. She was asked to do so now, and to explain politely that The Army woman was too busy learning Japanese to understand the teaching of English, but if Headquarters permitted, she would do so for the future, and even for her Japanese publication issued by The Army. To do so meant self-sacrifice and courage, for she was responsible for the good share of household duties, her family being engaged in business.

At this period her people removed to another district and O Koto San was separated from her beloved Corps. She set herself to find the nearest Corps to where she now lived. It was quite distant and very small; nevertheless, she made herself known, secured a transfer, and resumed the fight.

Night after night she stood with the Captain, an elderly man (the few Soldiers could not get to the meetings often), and while he beat The Army drum she held the flag, or carried an illuminated lantern, or sometimes a big Japanese lantern slung on a bamboo pole.

Alternately the Captain and O Koto San sang and testified, prayed and marched, two strong; may, three, for there was a Third—for Whose dear sake the two toiled to bring their country people to His Feet.

Love must be always doing for the beloved. O Koto San, with all her heart, try to raise funds for The Army Work. The Army drum, a poor man in Japan, and fifty thousand dollars per year is required for the work amongst the people and students, the upkeep of Medical, Rescue, Prison Gate, and other operations.

The permission of her people being obtained (though her father thought her too frail in body), she took the Captain to the court house, where he was to be married.

The Officer thanked her in the courteous Japanese language, and explained that Salvationists do not wear any ornaments or jewelry. The S's on the collar of The Army uniform meant "Salvation" and were not merely a decoration.

Very interested was O Koto San, and equally pleased with the assurance that her Army friend would not see her in her new and animated wear their limited confraternities.

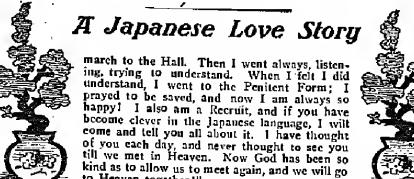
Across Tokio lay the work given to the Officer new to Japan. Farewells were spoken, and O Koto San was lost in the multitudes of the city and the seclusion of her home. Once only did the Officer see her during many months. There was a festival at one of the temples, and O Koto San, dressed in her face with her hair elaborately dressed and her painted lips smiling, was coming down the temple steps talking to another young girl.

The Officer sighed. Yet in O Koto San's heart the first love for the strange Salvation Army still budded, like a reluctant cherry blossom.

And a long time went past. . . . Many conversations took place through The Army.

Then the Officer crossed Tokio to the district where the old man lived. Hardly had she entered when a young woman rushed into her arms. It was O Koto San, overwhelmed with delight.

"But—but," said the Officer, bewildered.



to do the work of an Officer long, and continually told her so. O Koto San was accepted for Training for Officership. Again there was a worldly intervention. O Koto San had had no love for the world, but her love for Christ and the Army. A wealthy, married man now asked her in marriage, approaching her brother on the subject. "It's no use!" returned her brother instantly. "She is Salvation Army, and her love is to devote her whole life to the work of an Officer." The young man sought a bride elsewhere, and O Koto San's brother told her of the offer.

O Koto San smiled. "I don't wish to live for myself and have plenty of money, I want to live for the love of people. I am so glad you answered for me in this right way."

O Koto San's love story is but one of many beautiful Japanese stories of self-sacrifice for Christ.

Pray, Oh, pray that we may have thousands to carry the Message of the millions of Japan in the world.

From the woman Officer who was new to Japan and whom O Koto San reveres.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

(Continued from Page 28)

bath for the poor old fellow, but soon saw that he was too far gone to properly clean himself. So he took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and washed the old man himself. As he did so he washed the bath tub, so that the old man was literally washed in drops of genuine human pity.

The Captain then put the old man to bed. gave him some warm soup and let him sleep till evening. When he woke up the Captain sat by his side and began to talk to him.

"Do you know where you are, dad?" he asked.

The old man shook his head; then, as recollection of the kind treatment he had received came to him, he said in a feeble voice:

"I guess I'm in the Army, the House of God."

"Yes, dad, that's what it is, only they call it a Salvation Army Metropole. But it's one and the same thing. Now since you are in God's House, don't you think you ought to pray to Him?"

"I ain't never prayed since I was a kid of nine," said the old man. "Kinder forgot all about God."

"Well, try to now," urged the Captain. "Say the words after me." And he began to repeat, "Our Father which art in Heaven."

The old man, though he could hardly speak, said "Amen." Then he said, "Capen, I feels a lot better now. I'm a-going to keep up that praying."

He stayed two months in the Metropole and gradually regained his strength. He seemed to have a desire to drink and to be a regular attendant at the meetings. One night he knelt at the Penitent Form "to settle the matter in a decent, straightforward way," as he said.

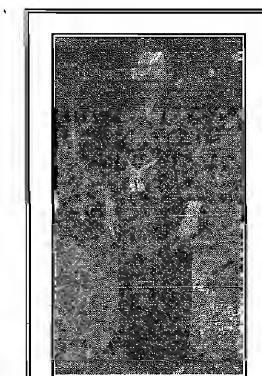
Shortly afterwards the Captain came across a man who had formerly employed poor old Joe. He asked him if he could find a little place for him where he could live.

"Sure," he replied. "I'll give him a night job on one of my farms and I promise you, Captain, I'll look after him well for old times sake."

And thus this poor old wreck was salvaged through human kindness, and his course, through Divine grace, was set for the Heavenly Port.

DRUGGED INTO INSANITY

One more case we must briefly mention. Harry went on the rocks early. He was a wild



COMMISSIONER MAPP,
An Old Friend in a New Dress

had and married a girl wife when he was in his teens. His drunken and vicious habits soon caused her to leave him, however. Then he went completely to the dogs and became addicted to the morphine habit. When only 28 years of age he was arrested with a woman who had been his wife, also charged with insanity, the result of morphine.

"Can you do anything for this man?" said the Magistrate to The Salvation Army Captain.

"Certainly, sir," said the Captain.

"Then I'll hand him over to you for eight days," said the Magistrate. "Report to me at the end of that time."

The Captain had indeed a big problem on his hands. To cure an insane morphine fiend was a job not many men would care to tackle. And then there was the woman to be looked after, also.

Fortunately the Captain had a good friend who was a doctor. To him, therefore, he went, and asked if he could get the morphine fiend into a hospital and give him special treatment. After a good deal of trouble the doctor was able to do this. But the Captain also had some special treatment of his own for the poor chap and he relied on this more than on the hospital treatment. Every day he visited the patient and talked seriously to him about his sins and the failings of his life. And he urged with him and for him, and besought God to restore him to health and to his right mind.

At the end of eight days he was able to report to the Magistrate that the man was progressing favourably. A week later poor Harry was discharged from the hospital, and the Captain took him into his own home.

In the meantime the Captain's wife had taken care of a young woman, and after many entreaties, had persuaded her to give up her sinful life and try to earn an honest living. A good situation was secured for her, and she went to it with the resolve of living a better life for the future.

Harry had become his normal self again during his enforced stay in the hospital, and now had against his depraved appetites. He was very weak and needed constant watching and care, but the Captain felt rewarded when he noticed that Harry really tried to live a different life.

Learning that Harry was well connected—the only son, in fact, of a rich merchant, the Captain got in touch with the police, who were glad to receive a letter from him, saying that Harry could come home when he wished.

Five weeks after being handed over to The Army's care, Harry went home to his parents, a completely-transformed young man. And the Captain received a touching letter of gratitude from the mother, thanking him for the help rendered her boy in trouble.

A Harry is a young man yet, well this side of thirty, he has a chance of many years of a useful and honoured life.

These four cases are but typical examples of the many hundreds of human wrecks salvaged by devoted Army workers. Pray that God may increasingly bless their labour of love, and strengthen their hands and hearts for the grapple with human sin, misery, and despair.

SALVATIONISTS ON THE BATTLEFIELD

(Continued from Page 7)

Twice with shells and twice with bullets. The first bullet hit me in the back and I fell flat myself flat on the road. I was covered with soil thrown up by the shell. The second shell dropped yesterday at 5:30 p.m. while I was conducting a funeral. There were twenty of us, and the shrapnel fell all around, and even into the grave, though by a miracle not one of us was hurt. One bullet grazed the side of my head, and the other hit up in my right ear. However, I am in full form. I have just come down now from spending four hours with the men in the front fire trench, having read to them in groups of ten and fifteen.

"I may, or may not, come out of this struggle alive, but whatever happens I am more than glad to be with the men preaching Jesus to them, and trying to live as a man of God should."

"I am extremely happy and will die for my country and in the men's interests in readiness and without fear."

"God is faithful and never fails. I greet all comrades with Salvation salutations. God is with us."

The Praying League.

THEME FOR THANKSGIVING

That "Unto us a Child is born: unto us a Son is given: and the government shall be upon His shoulders; and His name shall be called Wonderful Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

PRAYER TOPICS

1. That out of sorrow and strife may come the red joy of permanent peace—when the nations shall learn war no more."

2. That homes desolated by this devastating carnage may be consoled by the presence of the Prince of Peace.

3. That the Corps depleted because comrades are with the troops may be reinforced by recruits in the Army of the King of Kings.

4. That all who suffer physically or mentally because of the carnage may be strengthened and healed by the Healer of Galilee.

5. That the mission of Christ to bring Salvation life to all may be more clearly understood and accepted.

BIBLE STUDY ON SYMPATHY

SATURDAY, December 25—Christmas Day, Matthew 2:1-15.

SUNDAY, December 26—The Nobleman's Daughter, John 4:43-54.

MONDAY, December 27—The Withered Hand, Mark 3:1-5.

TUESDAY, December 28—The Blind Man, John 9:1-42.

WEDNESDAY, December 29—Apostles Confused, Matthew 10:16-31.

THURSDAY, December 30—The Healer, Matthew 8:1-17.

FRIDAY, December 31—Sympathy With the Needy, Matthew 15:30-39.

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

By Mrs. Blanche Read-Johnson

"The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me: because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives . . . to comfort all that mourn."—Isaiah 61:1-2.

"Make your Prayer League contribution as Christmasy as possible," was the request of our talented Editor. And the admonition set in motion a current of thought; along that mental stream seemed outlined in silvery light one little word—Sympathy.

Christmasy! What has Christmas meant in past days? What does it mean in Anna Dounion's life? It has meant gladness for childhood! We hope for many it will still mean happiness. But to multitudes of little ones it will bring a day without the presence of father. And the pathetic "Daddy is in the trenches," "Daddy is at the war," will tear-dim many a mother's eye.

Christmas in past times has meant re-union to many happy hearts! We hope it may be so again in the days of to-morrow. But many homes will have the vacant chair and the heart-aching for dear son or brother "somewhere in France," or with a name written upon the honour roll of the Empire.

Christmas has meant the exchange of gifts; it will surely do so again. But because of the tragedy of war and its multitudinous claims for Red Cross and Patriotic purposes it must of necessity be of a much more modified form.

Sympathy! But one gift all can bestow: the love of giving sympathy. Let it be passed out lavishly as precious treasure, upon all needy, lonely, and sorrowing hearts. Like the widow's mite, it will increase in its outpouring!

It may flow out in the form of kindly deeds, gentle words, thoughtful little services. If this grisly war teaches us all how to be really kind, truly sympathetic, it will not have been all loss.

Sympathy! And to those who by reason of the loss of dear ones, or the forced absence of members of your homes, or family circle, my brief Christmas greeting is—

Remember the Christ of the Christmas-ide; not so much in His Infant Advent, as in the life He spent going about doing good; binding up the broken hearts; healing suffering bodies and

comforting sorrowing spirits. Let the glad bells of the festive time ring out a carol of living Saviour, rather than to the Babe of Bethlehem.

Let the praise be to Him who came that all might have life, perfect, glowing, useful, triumphant, abundant life. Do not dwell in your secret heart too much upon past joys. But look outward and upward to the radiance of the Star of Bethlehem. And, as the star shone over Judah's hill, still shines in the dark sky of earth-pain and discord. "His name . . . Wonderful."

"Ah, wonderful star, the horizon adorning, Bright herald of peace, to the world a glad warning;

Proclaiming as near on that beautiful morning The Prince and Redeemer of men."

"Ah, wonderful star, which the darkness confounded,

Ab, wonderful Child by the shepherds surrounded,

Ab, wonderful song which in praises resounded,

O'er mountain and valley and glen."

TROOPER MCKENNA

(Continued from Page 25)

you can what you want with me. I am very very busy, but there is anything I can do for you I will be pleased."

"I think you will remember the case at Bokstad in which I was involved?"

"Yes."

"And that you tried it and found me 'not guilty'?"

"You will see by the badge I am now wearing that I have become a Salvationist, and that means, of course, that I have been converted. I was led to God through The Salvation Army, and I am now trying to live a right life, and hope soon to be an Officer in its ranks."

"I am following you. Go on."

"I have felt that I ought to come and tell you that my defence on that occasion was a pack of lies."

"I cannot say I am altogether surprised to hear it was, though I must confess I hardly expected you to tell me so."

"I thought it was my duty, particularly on account of Corporal Hill, who may perhaps be suffering on account of my action."

"Yes, I think you have done right to come and tell me, and I am very pleased you have done so. I have been very much impressed with the work of The Salvation Army in doing a great good, and this does not detract my estimate of it. Have you said anything to Corporal Hill yourself about the matter?"

"No, I thought I should tell you first, but I should like to write to him and make a full confession."

"Yes, I think you should do so."

"And now, my lad, may God bless you! I am very glad indeed that you are going to be a Salvation Army Officer, and I shall always be pleased to hear that you are doing well and that you are sticking to it."

McKenna left with a lighter heart than he had for years, feeling he had done his duty in making this confession of past wrong, and had cleared the way for future usefulness and influence. He also wrote to the corporal, now a sergeant.

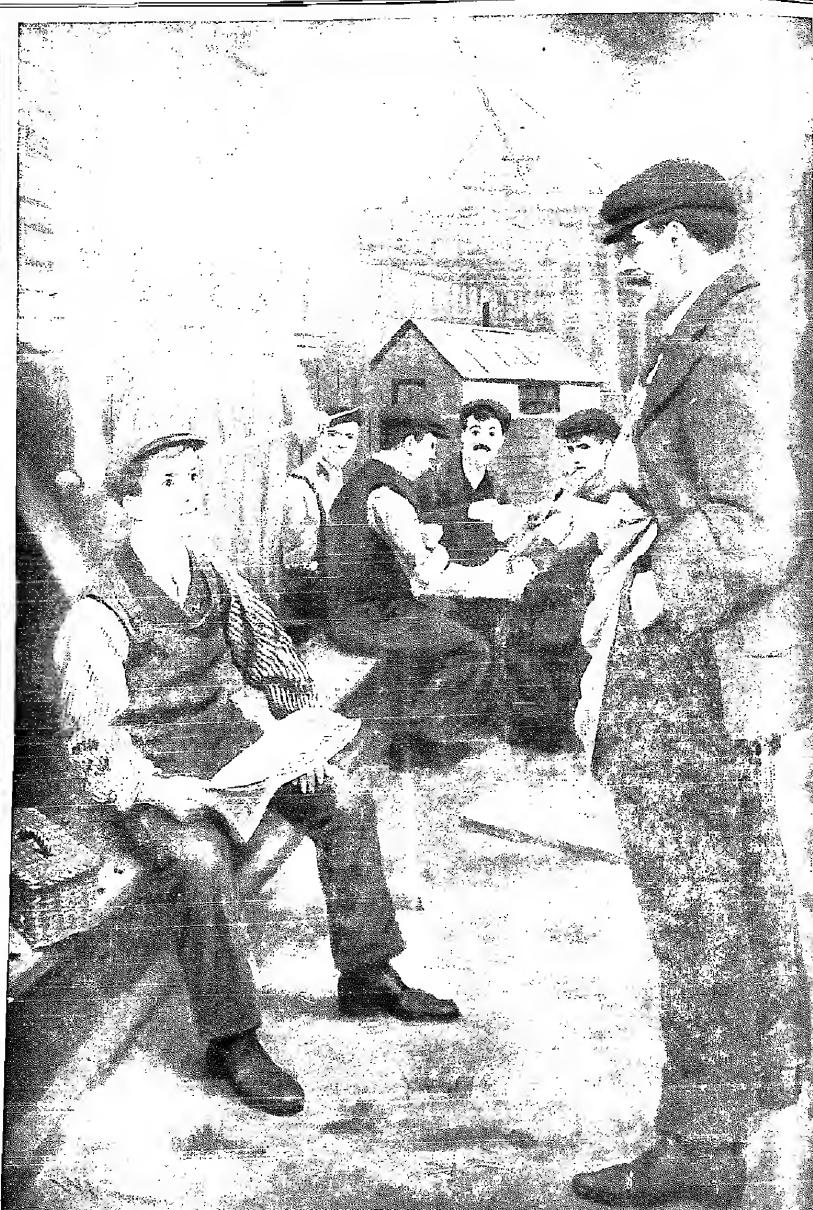
When last we saw him, McKenna was fighting bravely as an Officer in The Army, and driving mine-sweeping boats to make up for the years he had lost when he not only cared nothing for other people's souls, but was utterly neglectful of his own Salvation.

THE THIRD GENERATION

(Continued from Page 9)

him, subsequently kneeling down and offering prayer for his behalf. He had indeed, too, upon his praying for himself. Then, assuring him that, if he set himself to lead a new life, he would find his friend, she showed him out of the front door.

"Not only do we congratulate Ensign May Booth upon her courage and tact, but we also suggest that the method adopted to deal with the ungrateful intruder, after all, the best and most promising method for the reformation of criminals in general. It is The Army's way also, namely, to teach them about God, and at the same time not to overlook their temporal needs. We therefore pass on this incident as another object lesson in the great work of reclamation."



THE YOUNG RECRUIT UNDER FIRE

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him"

THE WAR CRY

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

International Headquarters: 101 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

Canada East Headquarters: James and Albert Sts., Toronto, Ont.

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OUR NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE



"PUT ON THE WHOLE ARMOUR OF GOD"

Not unto all is given the privilege of donning the King's uniform and engaging in the war; but we can all enter the New Year clad in the whole armour of God, to war a good warfare against the world, the flesh, and the devil. Are you in full armour?